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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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A PURPLE FRIDAY

By Agnes Miller

"Nut cake with hot chocolate sauce and marshmallow cream, please!" said Marian Wilding, laying down the bill of fare with an air of resignation and defiance.

"Did they raise your salary to-day, dear?" her friend, Nora Lane, inquired. The two were sitting on opposite sides of a little round table in the dainty tea room where they usually ate luncheon together. Nora had ordered rice pudding.

"Hardly! But really, Nora, I must have some sort of compensation if I am to get through this day. That Aiken girl has been in our office all morning."

"O Marian! have another cup of coffee too! What a visitation! Whatever do you suppose the Welfare Board is trying to do anyhow, dumping all those greenhorns on us?"

"Don't ask me!" Marion replied and began languidly to eat her nut cake, which the waitress had just brought.

"Did Miss Aiken say that it was just marvelous to be able to write shorthand?"

"Not today. But she said that the card catalogue was just too marvelous. Honestly, Nora, ever since that girl has been coming into the office to work with me every Friday the day has simply been a nightmare! If Mondays are blue, then Fridays are purple!"

"You certainly have a lot to stand," said Nora.

Undoubtedly the situation at the town Welfare Board, where the girls were employed, was a difficult one for a highly trained, capable stenographer like Marian. It was she that the board had chosen to work with Cecily Aiken, the daughter of one of the members; and every Friday for the past month Cecily had been coming to act as reception clerk in the discharged-patient section of the hospital department, where Marian was employed.

Cecily, who had just finished high school, was pretty and well-mannered. Her duties were simple. On Fridays she greeted the ward patients who had been discharged from the Trumbull Hospital during the week and who were applying at the office for help; when she learned what they needed she would send them to the proper official. On her desk she had a card-catalogue drawer on the white cards of which were inscribed the names of all patients who had been discharged before. Patients who were discharged the current week had blue cards, which were kept in one end of the drawer.

Once a week Marian had to transfer in typewriting all new information to the white cards. Today as she returned to the office after luncheon she had planned to do the work for this week. But when she stopped at Cecily's desk to get the blue cards a groan escaped her. Was anything ever so exasperating? The cards were not placed together, but strewn through the file. Some were stuck into the drawer upright; others protruded at an angle; and there was a white card with a note on it in ink, which meant that it would have to be retyped. "Because I am efficient," thought Marian, "they give me this scatter-brain to train who can't remember the simple rules on which this catalogue is based."

Just then in walked Cecily, the scatterbrain. "I'll fix that catalogue this afternoon," she said as she noticed Marian's stormy face. "I was so rushed this morning I just stuck those cards in anywhere at all!"

"Miss Aiken," said Marian firmly, "if you don't arrange every single card exactly right as you go along you cannot avoid mistakes. Let each applicant wait a few seconds longer until you have done it. Better do that than make incorrect records."

"What a good idea! I'll do that hereafter," Cecily replied cheerfully and put her hat on the desk instead of on the hook that Marian had purposely left free for her.

"Since I am here," said Marian, suppressing an impulse to groan, "I may as well correct the card of that boy who was to have come this morning and didn't—Thomas Vance. He was a discharged pneumonia case five weeks ago and has been in the country convalescing. He was to have come this morning to be recom-

mended for a good position as office boy at the bank, but the manager telephoned at noon and said that he couldn't wait any longer. It is most exasperating of these people we are trying to help not to be businesslike when they owe us so much!"

"What a pity for Thomas to have lost the position!" said Cecily, sighing.

"A pity? It's his own fault. He ought to be well scolded."

Cecily gazed at Marian respectfully while she whirled over the V-cards with rapid fingers.

"Where is Thomas Vance's card, Miss Aiken? It's not under V!" Cecily looked puzzled. "Isn't it? Then I don't know where it is. I don't believe I ever saw it. You know I've been working only four weeks."

"It must be here somewhere," Marian remarked rather pointedly. "Perhaps you misplaced it when you made the changes this morning. I'll go through the whole list."

"Very well," said Cecily and sat down.

"Perhaps I'd better arrange this correctly as I go along," said Marian. "If Mr. Parton, the head of the department, sees the list out of order, he may not like it; we are supposed to have it ready to refer to at any time."

"Thank you," replied Cecily gratefully.

Marian was glad she had offered to put the list in order. She went through the catalogue dexterously and arranged the cards.

"You do that splendidly," Cecily ventured to say a few moments later.

"I used to be reception clerk and keep the records too," replied Marian. "They took me away from the reception desk only because I had so much else to do."

"Didn't you love meeting all these people that come in?" cried Cecily, smiling for the first time. "I enjoy it so much!"

"Oh, it's very interesting of course," Marian replied, "but it did interrupt my office work terribly. Miss Aiken, Thomas Vance's card is not in this catalogue."

"I'm sorry; I wonder what—"

"I am responsible for these records," Marian interrupted her. "This is the first time a card has ever been missing from them. I collect and record all possible information about the cases, and now an important record is gone."

"I hope you don't think it's my fault," Cecily said timidly. "Really I never heard of the case before."

"The point is that information for which I am responsible has been lost, and the fault is not mine. How am I to replace it?"

At that moment the clock struck two, and Mr. Parton walked in.

"Mr. Parton," said Cecily, "a card has been lost out of this catalogue; the record is that of Thomas Vance. I know I am not very accurate, and possibly it was lost through my fault. But I don't think so, and I'm quite sure that it isn't Miss Wilding's fault, for she gave me the catalogue in perfect order this morning."

"No; Miss Wilding never makes that sort of mistake," replied Mr. Parton. "The card may turn up later; however, if it's gone, it's gone." And he disappeared through the open door of his private office.

For the first time a common difficulty had drawn the girls together, but they had no time to discuss it now. The steps of two persons sounded on the stairs—one determined and vigorous, the other unwilling and lagging. The door opened, and a stout middle-aged woman and a thin, sulky, defiant-looking boy of fifteen entered.

"Well, Thomas Vance!" cried Marian stepping forward. "So you did come after all. Is this your mother? Mrs. Vance, your son is too late for that position. He should have come hours ago."

"I sent him at nine o'clock this morning," said Mrs. Vance, looking at Thomas reproachfully. "And us needing the money so!"

Thomas looked at a crack in the floor and shuffled his feet uneasily. "Why didn't you come, then?" Marian demanded sternly.

Thomas raised his eyes and glared at her.

"I want you to answer me,"

"Well, if he won't, then I must," said Mrs. Vance, who was almost

weeping. "It's on account of this card that I found when I went to mend the pocket of his overcoat!"

From her hand bag she drew a ragged white record card that bore the name "Thomas Vance."

"Did you take that out of my catalogue drawer?" Marian demanded of Thomas, who was twisting his cap violently in both hands.

"Did you? And what do you mean by taking other people's things?"

"I sure did!" Thomas snapped in a loud voice. "I'd do it again too. I didn't hurt your old card. There it is!"

"Why did you take it?"

But Thomas retired into a corner and expressed himself solely by glaring at Marian.

"If you don't tell me right away why you took it, I'll send for Mr. Parton!" she said and followed the boy into the corner.

"Thomas," Cecily said suddenly in her musical, friendly voice, "Will you come here, please? Mrs. Vance, won't you take a seat? I won't detain you long, but I'd like to get this matter of Thomas' position arranged satisfactorily."

Thomas and Mrs. Vance crossed the room. Marian, feeling strangely baffled and a bit angry with herself, walked over to her typewriter.

"I should like very much to get you a position, Thomas," said Cecily. "I think I can do it, but of course you see that I can't very well recommend you unless I know how you happened to take this card. You know it really belongs to the office."

Thomas was still silent, but he looked at Cecily with the first friendly glance that had appeared on his face since he had entered the room. "Tell the young lady, Tom," pleaded his mother. "She won't be hard upon you even if you did wrong."

"I think you'd feel better if you told me," said Cecily. "I want only to understand what made you do it."

Thomas' mouth drooped pathetically; he gulped several times and then looked at Cecily with the expression of a lost dog that has found a friend.

"It's her fault!" he blurted and pointed his finger accusingly at Marian.

"What do you mean, you—"

"Thomas!" said Cecily firmly. "Pay attention to me. Now go on with your story."

"She put it on the card," said the boy.

"About—about—"

"Yes, Thomas."

"About the time I was in the Children's Court."

"It was four years ago, miss," said Mrs. Vance suddenly, "and Tom was with a crowd of boys that broke a window; they were summoned to court, and the judge said that he didn't think Tom had anything to do with it, and indeed, miss, believe me, he hadn't! The boys all paid for the window, and the owner forgave them and said he knew they'd only been careless and not willfully bad. But one of the boys who doesn't like Tom happened to be in the hospital sick at the same time that my boy was, and he told on him, and somehow it got into the hospital record."

"She copied it off that," burst out Thomas. "I had to bring the record with me here, and she looked at it and copied it. It's mean, that's what it is. It isn't fair, so I took the card, and I'd do it again!"

"This card," said Cecily, picking up the ragged piece of pasteboard, "is worn out, so I think we'll have to have another."

"Yes," Mr. Parton said from his office. "Miss Wilding, write another one at once, please and put on it Thomas' name, age, address and date of discharge from the hospital. That will be sufficient; I'll see him before he goes. Then will you please come and take some letters? Miss Aiken, will you kindly telephone to the Marston Hardware Company and say that we are sending a boy to try for that position they offered us?"

A few moments later Marion entered the door of the private office, and sitting down opposite Mr. Parton, opened her notebook on her knee and held the point of her pencil poised expectantly above the white page.

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Par-

ton. "I want to ask you how Miss Aiken is taking hold of that catalogue—not very fast, I guess?"

"She really does not understand it at all," Marina answered.

"I didn't think she would. She hasn't the sort of mind to grasp the mechanical details quickly. I'm sorry that work on the catalogue is slightly upset every week this way, but of course that is not of the importance, and I thought that you would learn so much from watching Miss Aiken's method of talking to applicants that you wouldn't mind her slowness in doing the clerical work."

The catalogue not of the first importance! Marian stared at Mr. Parton.

"Of course," he went on, "Miss Aiken probably never could learn to do your work as well as you do it, and it's only fair to you, Miss Wilding, to say that your ability as a secretary is unusual. There's only one thing that prevents your rising to great heights in this work, and that's interest in other people. I put Miss Aiken with you as reception clerk so that you might acquire that quality. I didn't put you with her primarily to train her."

That was blow number two! Marian bit her lip.

"You see, you're interested only in how to run this office. Miss Aiken is interested in the people for whom this office is run. You saw how she won the confidence of that poor boy just by being nice to him. She gives the office a cheerful and homelike atmosphere by acting like a sister to those people who have suffered misfortune; and her ability to do that makes her—and therefore our organization—able to help them. Of course records are important,—how could we possibly work without them?—but kindness and sympathy are much more important."

"But surely," said Marian, "I did right in putting the Children's Court item under the head of character?"

"A childish offense that happened four years ago? Oh, no! The boy is only fifteen now and is just starting in business. The hospital may have had some good reason for entering it, but we haven't our business is to put people on their feet. Don't you see you wounded the boy so deeply by not giving him a fair start that he might have gone off and done something that would have put him into a real court? Of course you didn't think of that. Well, Miss Wilding, if you will study people as hard as you have studied the mechanics of your business, you can be a wonderful success, and I know that is what you wish to be. Now let's start those letters."

After half an hour of dictation Marian rose to go. "Mr. Parton," she said, pausing in the doorway, "may I make a suggestion to Miss Aiken about the work she is doing?"

"Certainly I have great confidence in your suggestions. Arrange her work to suit yours. I have no doubt that she will improve in time. She has the will to do so, and fortunately she knows her own limitations."

Marion returned to the reception office. A large number of former patients were sitting round the wall, and Cecily was painstakingly questioning each in turn at her desk. Marion could see how readily they responded to the interest that the girl showed in their wants, and she was much to honest not to admit that Cecily could send them away far happier than she herself could. She also noticed that the card catalogue was neatly arranged and that Cecily patiently and not without considerable effort entered the record of each case as soon as she learned it.

"Pretty busy, aren't you?" said Marian, approaching the desk.

"Yes, but I'm doing just what you told me, and it works splendidly," replied Cecily.

"Would you like it if we did it together? I'll do the clerical work, and you can do all the questioning. I'd be delighted—that is, if it didn't interfere with your other work. I never shall be so good as you are at making the entries, but I know that I shall improve if I watch you."

"It won't interfere," said Marian. "It's really more efficient to get all the clerical work done at one time, and I never shall be so good as you are at talking to people, but I know that I shall improve if I watch you."

She smiled warmly. "The way you do it," she added, "is—just too marvelous!"—*Youth's Companion.*

GALLAUDET HOME.

At half past eight o'clock, on the sunny morning of the first of December, Charley Ayers, who was sixty-five years and six months old, and who came here to live on the 5th of May, 1886, passed quietly away. The deceased had been suffering from heart trouble for about a year or so.

Rev. John H. Kent arrived here at 11:30 A.M., on the Fourth of December, and at that same hour all the folk assembled in the chapel, where the young preacher delivered a short service over the remains of the deceased. He delivered his service orally as well as by signs for the benefit of the few hearing persons present, who were Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Jewett, both lady managers, Miss Johnston, the assistant matron, and Emma, the chambermaid, and Mrs. Dixon, the nurse.

The matron, Mrs. Jones, was sick abed, and so she could not attend the service.

On the casket was a beautiful spray of carnations, pink and white chrysanthemums that had been purchased as a token of respect for Charley by all the folks here.

It was time for dinner when the remains of the departed one were taken to the family burial plot for interment.

So Charley Ayers, a man blessed with a lovely character, is now at rest! He was a resident of this Home for the long period of forty-four years.

For seven years, he lived at the Home when it was located in Thirteenth Street, down in the Metropolis.

Charley Ayers was a pupil of Fanwood. He was really a hearing and speaking man, though his hearing and speech were very defective.

He was small in stature, being less than five feet tall and slightly misshapen. All the time Charley, as the folks here, always called him, was here, he made himself useful. He always kept the kitchen grate stove in the laundry well supplied with fuel. Much of his time was spent in sawing and splitting wood. He was always busy. The matron, her assistant, the cook and the rest of the folks were his good friends and appreciated his help exceedingly.

Charley's whole heart and soul were in his work and so long as he lived here, he was a cheerful and a happy man.

The personnel of the Home feel that they will never have another man like Charley.

Rev. Kent left for home in the afternoon. He was looking well and strong.

In the evening, Mr. C. McManis, who had come here a few hours before R. V. Kent, entertained the folks to a movie show, which interested and amused the folks immensely. Mr. Samuel Gardner and his wife were as usual present.

Mr. Harry A. Barnes, who is quite popular among the deaf of his town, came all the way from his home in Schenectady, N. Y., to make this scribe a visit, on the 13th of October, and remained here until 5 P.M. the day following. He said his folks had purchased a new car, but that his mother was afraid to let him drive it because he is deaf. Harry is semi-deaf. He comes down here once a year, and likes this place. Schenectady, he says, has a population of 100,000, and is growing larger and larger all the time.

On the morning of the 15th of October, Miss Mary Pough, who is eighteen years of age, and lives up in Poughkeepsie, came here to work as waitress. She is well liked by everybody hereabouts. For four long months previous to her coming, the Home was without a waitress.

On the 28th of October, Miss Mary Brewer, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., made this place a visit. Her sister, Eurine, came with her, and while here the two girls took a photo of the facade of the house. Several of the ladies had their pictures taken. Although the day was not a sunny affair their pictures turned out to be good. On the same day, Mary Pough's parents, along with some friends, made

her a brief call. On their way here their seven passengers touring car got out of order, and as they reached here at a rather late hour in the afternoon, they were here for but half an hour or so. They kindly took the Brewer girls to the railway station in Poughkeepsie. The girls were glad to get a way for it looked like rain just as they left here.

Miss Lauretta Smith, who is now Mrs. Smith, and who was a waitress here for a year or so before she got married, was here too, with her baby-girl which is now 1½ year old. Amy Smith, Lauretta's sister, who was likewise a waitress here two years ago, came with Lauretta. The two sisters and the baby were taken to the Four Corners in the Home car. The Four Corners is where people hereabouts take a trolley car for either Poughkeepsie or Wappinger Falls. The father of the Brewer girls was an inmate of the Home many years ago.

For the first time, perhaps, in the history of the Home, the few servants and domestics took it into their heads to celebrate Halloween in the customary way, and did so, and feel that they succeeded. In fact they succeeded in amusing the members of the household to some extent. Miss Kate Martin, the matron's niece, was dressed in an old fashioned costume. Miss Allen, Miss Martin's intimate friend, was a dandy, Emma, the chambermaid, was a Chinaman. Mary Pough was Charlie Chaplin. These grotesque figures walked about in the dining room while the folks were at tea, and the presence was interesting and amusing. There were a few lighted Jack O'Lanterns on each of the three long tables.

On the morning of the 25th of November, a car containing five passengers, shot up along the asphalt porch, and after two of its passengers. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lewis, of Yonkers, got out of it, it left the grounds immediately.

The three remaining passengers were Mr. and Mrs. Gledhill and their little girl, who went up to Poughkeepsie for the day to see some old friends. They are residents of the city of Brotherly Love, and old friends of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis. They came back here early in the afternoon, and after visiting the Home for just a little while they left for Yonkers with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis.

Mr. Lewis was a pupil of the Hartford School, and has held a responsible position in different insurance offices for many years. Mrs. Lewis is the sister of Miss Elizabeth Nelson, who is one of the Lady Managers of the Home.

Mrs. Mammie Moore, the sister of Mrs. Hattie Tobin, who is living in Middletown, N. Y., with her cousin, Mrs. Hattie Beers, was here to see Mrs. Tobin on the 26th of November. Mrs. Blanchard, the daughter of Mrs. Beers, drove the car in which the three visitors came. They were here for but an hour or so. They were here several times last summer.

Mr. Chester Quincy Mann was up here on Thanksgiving Day. After making a short address in the chapel all went to dinner. Mr. Mann had not been here for a long, long time. He spent the afternoon chatting with Mrs. Tobin and Mrs. Leary and some of the other folks, and they enjoyed his company exceedingly. He had not seen Mrs. Tobin for about forty years. He left for home at 5 o'clock P.M.

Early in October, Mr. Samuel Gardner took a load of apples to the cider-mill in Wappinger Falls, where they were turned into cider, and so the folks here had a few glasses of the delicious liquid at dinner every day for a week.

During the past two months a few workmen have been hard at work tearing down the old tank house back of the laundry, and trucking away the great beams and heavy boards and pipes. As they did not keep at the work continuously the task of removing it was slow. They are still at it.

An oval frame with the picture of a horse's head and three double hooks now adorns the wall of the main entrance. It is a hat hanger, and is a thing of beauty. The matron, Mrs. Jones, gave it to the Home.

This correspondent is the proud possessor of a copy of the history of the Kentucky School for the

Education of the Deaf and Dumb, sent him by Mr. Chas. P. Fosdick, the author of the book. It is the most interesting work of its kind, I have yet read and is in every way a valuable book for information and reference pertaining to the school at Danville, Ky. The four American Schools for the Deaf that are now or a century old, were all founded during President Monroe's administration. Mr. Fosdick's history reads like a tale from the Arabian Nights. It is indeed more interesting than such tales to us grown up folks, because it is not fiction.

This is the first day of the second week of this month of December, and yet no snow has made its appearance up in this section of the State. We are wondering if we are going to have a mild winter.

December 8, 1923

STANLEY.
Wonderful Memories.

Many librarians have memories that enable them to carry in their heads long lists of titles of books, of the names of the authors, and even of the numbers of the books, to say nothing of their places on the shelves. Long practice, of course, has given them this accomplishment. In some cases it amounts to downright genius.

One of the most extraordinary instances of that ability is to be found in the case of Antonio Magliabecchi, librarian of the Grand Duke Cosimo III of Florence. It is said that if a priest wished to compose a panegyric on a saint, and came to Magliabecchi, the librarian would tell him all the references to the saint in literature, even to the parts of the different works wherein they were to be found. He could often quote as many as a hundred writers.

Magliabecchi could tell not only who had treated a subject fully, but also who had touched on it incidentally in writing upon other subjects.

It is related that when Magliabecchi visited other libraries, his memory was so remarkable that he needed to see and consult a book only once in its place to fix everything about it permanently in his mind.

One day the grand duke sent for the librarian to ask whether he could get for him a book that was decidedly rare.

"I am sorry, your grace," replied Magliabecchi, "but there is only one copy in the world. That is in the library of the grand seignior at Constantinople. It is the seventh book on the second shelf on the right as you enter."

It is said that Macaulay, who had one of the most remarkable memories of which we have any information, was once caught tripping with reference to a line in "Paradise Lost." In a few days he appeared with the poem in his hand, and offering it to the gentleman who had "caught him," said "I do not think that you will catch me again on this." And they did not.

An extraordinary memory was that of Dr. Addison Alexander, of Princeton Theological Seminary. His memory was not only tenacious of facts, but of mere words. For the amusement of young people he would sometime say, "Now I am going to talk without thinking." He would then pour forth period after period of strange words and incongruous images, harmonious and even rhythmical in sound, but wholly destitute of sense. If that seems an easy trick, try to suspend your reason and give free rein to your fancy in periods that shall be grammatically correct and yet without meaning.—*Sci.*

He Valued Company

Two farmers met after church, according to the *Argonaut*, and had this conversation:

"I hear you've sold your pig?"
"Yes, sold him last Thursday."
"What'd ye get?"
"Thirteen dollars."
"What'd it cost ye to raise it?"
"Paid three dollars for the shote, five for the lumber in the pen and house and five more for the feed."
"Didn't make much, did ye?"
"No, but I had the use of the pig all summer."—*Sci.*

Tears Or Laughter.

Monsieur Chauchard, the well-known department-store owner and buyer of paintings, who died a few years ago, was during his lifetime the source of much amusement to the artists and critics of Paris. He bought for commercial reasons only, and knew nothing of art. He owned, during his career, several examples of the best work of the great English artists, Gainsborough and Romney. Both were represented by portraits of women. Monsieur Chauchard did not greatly admire those by Romney, whose subjects were attired in swathing or floating draperies.

"Pretty women—pretty women—but what clothes! Without distinction, without style! This Romney has painted ladies of quality—of the great world—in toilets no more elegant than if they had been so many penitents wrapped in sheets. It is inhuman!"

A successor to Monsieur Chauchard has recently been found among picture buyers, a French writer declares, in the person of a newly-rich country gentleman who purchased a rising young artist's picture entitled, "The Broken Pitcher." It illustrated the familiar fable of the careless milkmaid who stumbled and let fall her pitcher while she was daydreaming about the gawgaws she meant to buy at the fair with the money for the milk; and it depicted her weeping over the fragments. The day after the painting had been sent to the new owner's gorgeous chateau, he sent for the artist, and offered him a handsome sum if he would make a slight change in it.

"What do you wish done, monsieur?" inquired the artist. "I fear it is not in my power to improve the picture. It represents my best effort as it is."

"Oh, it is only a little thing that I wish you to do," was the rejoinder. "I am certain you will consent. I wish the girl who is weeping to be laughing!—that is all."

"Laughing! But why? Surely, monsieur, she would not laugh when she had just broken her pitcher and spilled her milk."

"If she were in my employ, monsieur, she would," replied the nouveau riche pompously. "No pretty girl in my service need cry if she should smash twenty such pitchers and spill twenty quarts of milk. My faith, I can afford milk pitchers, I should hope, and I am not penurious. That is why I wish the change; it does not look well to have her weep in my establishment; it is not creditable. Do you think I should scold an unlucky maid who dropped a pitcher until the poor thing burst into tears? Not I, indeed! I should say, 'Never mind, little one; pitchers are plenty, and so are cows; don't waste a thought on it,' and, moreover, I should give her a handsome tip by way of consolation."

Nevertheless, the artist proved obdurate, and the change was not made.

McPhee's Reinvestment.

An Irishman named McPhee lived in a shanty that stood in a field near a main highway out of Kansas City. The foundations of the shanty were lower than the road, through which ran a big water main. As the lining floor of the place was raised on posts to make it level with the highway, it left a large cellar underneath, where McPhee kept a dozen hens.

One day the water main burst, flooded the cellar and drowned the hens. Thereupon McPhee entered a claim for damages against the city. After much delay, influential friends succeeded in getting thirty dollars in settlement of his claim.

"I've got me money!" shouted the old man to his next-door neighbor.

"Glad to hear that," was the reply, "and how much was it, McPhee?"

"Thirty dollars."

"And phwat are ye goin' to do with the money?"

"I'm goin' to buy thirty dollars' worth of ducks," said McPhee.

The number of deaf people who own their homes in Winnipeg and vicinity has increased to seven. Mr. and Mrs. Pettypiece have purchased a nice five-roomed bungalow on Woodlawn Street, near Lodge. The former owner left them a nice strawberry patch and raspberry shoots from the bushes of the next door neighbor which are growing on Mr. Pettypiece's side of the tall board fence that marks the lot boundary between. Well, they got a good variety of berries.—ECHO.

A New Title

An instance of how oddly a small typographical error can change the meaning of a sentence, phrase, or title follows: A pupil printer setting type from copy for the Western Canada Association of the Deaf made the title of the song "The Maple Leaf Forever," which was rendered in signs by one of the members read thus "The Maple Deaf Forever."—ECHO.

Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS,
Fort Smith, Ark.

BASKETBALL & DANCE

GIVEN BY THE

Deaf-Mutes' Union League

AT THE

Twenty-second Engineer's Armory

Broadway and 168th Street

Saturday Evening, January 5, 1924

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE

VS. THE OZARK BIG FIVE

—AND—

BRONX, N. F. S. D., NO. 92

VS. N. J., N. F. S. D., NO. 91

Doors Open at 7:30 P.M. Game Starts at 8:30 P.M.

MUSIC BY THE

TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT BAND

TICKETS. - (Including Tax) - 75 CENTS

\$50 IN CASH PRIZES \$50

FOR ORIGINAL COSTUMES

GRAND MASK BALL

—OF—

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 19th, 1924

AT BRONX CASTLE HALL

140th Street and Walton Avenue
Above Mott Avenue Subway Station

TICKETS
ONE DOLLAR

MUSIC BY
IMPERIAL ORCHESTRA

LARGE FRAT PENNANT TO DIVISION MOSTLY REPRESENTED

(Division Members will please write their name and Division on back of ticket)

COMMITTEE

Jack M. Ebin, Chairman
Fred C. Berger
Edward J. Malloy
Louis Saraccone
Joseph Collins
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Brooklyn Division Number 23

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

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Schermerhorn and Smith Sts., Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Boro Hall or Hoyt St. Sub. Stations)

Saturday Evening, February 2d 1924

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John F. O'Brien, Secretary
A. L. Pach, Vice-Chairman
J. D. Shea
A. Hitchcock, Treasurer
W. H. Renner
Harry P. Kane
H. J. Powell
S. E. Pachter

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UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

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412 WASHINGTON ST., HOBOKEN, N. J.

Saturday Evening, February 16, 1924

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RESERVED FOR THE NEW YORK BRANCH N. A. D.

Saturday Night, March 1, 1924

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\$50 — IN CASH PRIZES — \$50

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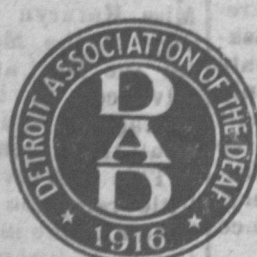
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NEW YORK

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NOTICE.

To the Parents and Friends of Deaf Children:—As Missionary to the Deaf people I have prepared a handsomely illustrated handbook of the sign-language of the Deaf especially for Ministers of the Gospel, Sunday School Teachers, Parents and Friends of the Deaf, who may wish to help them spiritually and otherwise. From the book one can learn the signs used by the Deaf the world over, also what the Holy Bible says about the Deaf and the naturalness of the signs. As a Visionary movement, we have fixed the price of the book at cost, viz:

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Address all orders with money order, Mr. A. C. Carnes, Home Mission Board, 1004 Healey Building, Atlanta, Georgia. Very respectfully yours, J. W. MICHAELS.

THE CONFERENCE

The Conference of Superintendents and Principals will be held at St. Augustine, Florida, beginning Monday, January 14th, 1924, 7:30 P.M.

The headquarters of the meeting will be in the Alcazar Hotel; but other Hotels will be available. It would be well to write Supt. A. H. Walker, Supt. of the Florida School in regard to reservations.

The rate at the Alcazar will be seven dollars (\$7.00) per day, but a lower rate may be secured at some of the smaller hotels.

The program will be announced later. It would be well if other school papers would announce the meeting so that there may be full publicity and larger attendance.

J. W. JONES, Chairman,
A. L. E. CROUTER,
N. F. WALKER,
AUGUSTUS ROGERS,
I. B. GARDNER,
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First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 8:15 P.M.
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.
Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 8:15 P.M.
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Cambridge—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.
Other Places by Appointment.

Christmas Festival

and Games

under the auspices of the

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Will be held at

ST. LUKE'S PARISH HOUSE

216 West 46th St., near 8th Ave.

NEW YORK CITY

Saturday Evening,

December 29, 1923

at 8 o'clock

Admission, 35 Cents

Including refreshments and a box of candy

Santa Claus will be glad to see little children

Bring your friend with you

Take any Subway and get off at Times Square (42d Street) Station

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If you don't want to miss a real good time, come to the

Mask Ball & Watch Night

Under the Auspices of

PHILADELPHIA DIV., No. 30
N. F. S. D.

December 31, 1923

AT

GRAND FRATERNITY

HALL

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Orchestral Music Cash Prizes

Coffee and Sandwiches on Sale

TICKET, \$1.00

Including Wardrobe

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The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.

Mr. A. O. Staudemann, Lay Reader, Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Woman's Guild, first Wednesdays, 2:30 P.M.

Lectures, Third Sundays, 7:30 P.M.

Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 8:00 P.M.

Special services, lectures, socials and other events indicated on annual program card and duly announced.

You are cordially invited and urged to attend—Tell and bring your friends.

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Rev. Warren M. Smaltz, Missionary, 2220 N. 16th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

First Sunday, Holy Communion, 8:30 P.M.

Last Sunday, Litany and Sermon, 8:30 P.M.

Other Sundays, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 8:30 P.M.

Bible Class, Every Sunday, 2:30 P.M.

You are cordially invited to attend.

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February 16, 1924

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A READING BY

THE REV. JOHN HENRY KENT

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Saturday, January 26, 1924.

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NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, 220 M. New York.

DEAF MUTES' UNION LEAGUE.

That there will be very interesting basketball games at the 22d Regiment Armory, on Saturday evening, January 5th, 1924, is assured beyond dispute.

The Ozark Big Five thought not as well known as the Original Celtic that opposed the Deaf-Mutes' Union League last year, yet the Ozarks can hold their own with any strong team hereabouts, and will surely put up a game worth going to see.

Mr. Barr made no mistake in securing the Ozarks, as they are a team that fight to the very last.

And as for the Preliminary game between the Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D., and the Jersey City Division, No. 91, N. F. S. D., that too promises an interesting game. These Jersey boys last summer captured everything in the baseball line, and they intend to repeat in basketball.

Henry W. Hester, the man who knows where the funny tribes bite in the bring deep, is President of the Jersey City Frats, and he will marshal a big force to root for his team.

Joseph F. Graham, be of the Bronx, who too knows fish when he sees it, is also a powerful Bronx Frat, having been the first President of Bronx Division, will also see that a full force is present to root for the Bronxites.

In regard to the 38th celebration on Thursday evening, January 31, 1924, President Souweine is arranging a program that will no doubt please all the members, and the Committee Messrs. Abramowitz, Fleigheimer and Hymes are arranging for the social and "eat."

X. E. S. NOTES.

For the Xavier Eppheta Society, the new year will begin on Sunday, January 6th, with a meeting of the Executive Committee, followed by sermon and Benediction.

Father John A. Egan, S. J., the reverend director, has decided to discontinue the third Sunday morning service. For the present only one meeting on the first Sunday will be the rule.

Father Egan is hopeful this new order may appeal to the X. E. S., and that as members of the X. E. S., the only organization of the Catholic deaf at St. Francis Xavier's they will respond by attending regularly and in large numbers the first Sunday monthly meetings.

Owing to circumstance as above noted, for the first time in 15 years, the X. E. S. will not give their annual Christmas Tree party. President Fives, however, is planning to bring about a united front among X. E. S. members in support of the annual Washington's birthday affair, which the society has conducted since its inception. At the January meeting it is expected details of the affair will have taken definite shape.

Christmas cheer was dispensed by Rev. Father McCaffrey for the 75 or more boys and girls of Fanwood attending St. Rose Sunday School, a day before the pupils left for the Christmas vacation. A jolly good time was enjoyed by both pupils and teachers. Each of the boys and girls received some token, in addition to ice cream, cakes and boxes of candy. Incidentally, Cadet Color Sergeant Eddie Kerwin made a fine speech, and on behalf of the pupils, presented Father McCaffrey with a handsome Military Outfit. Being a Veteran of the World War, and chaplain as well of a local Veteran Corps, Father McCaffrey was pleased, and thanked the Cadets and their sisters for their good will.

At the bazaar held by the Brooklyn Branch of St. Joseph's Institute, recently, Tom and Mrs. Tom Melody took a chance on a handsome parlor floor electric lamp. Then forgot the incident, until a week ago. At the time they were notified, they were the winners. Since then, Tom and his Annie have stayed home evenings, getting the benefit of a becoming tan from the rays of the Edison reflector.

Matty Higgins and his Silent basketball team have booked a good schedule of games. With a home court they might call their own, the team would be in a position to cut a big figure among prominent local quintets.

Tim Mulahey, a veteran among deaf base-ball players, has been offered the post of umpire in a Pennsylvania State minor league. Although his locks are silvery, Tim can still play a good game. It is said his umpiring during last season gave the contending teams and spectators entire satisfaction. So much for the simple life Mulahey has maintained.

Although incapacitated by illness at the Union Printer's Home, Colorado, Johnny Lloyd, an early apprentice of Editor Hodgson, kept up the Yuletide spirit with handsome remembrances to his wife and

two sons in this city. The management of the Home and the typos, young and old, are very considerate of Johnny during his illness.

H. A. D.

The Grand Bazaar, under auspices of the ladies of the Hebrew Association of the Deaf, which was held on December 12th to 16th, proved to be a success both socially and financially.

The large booths, in charge of a bevy of beauteous damsels were loaded with all sorts of merchandise and sales were brisk. It was not possible to "clean up shop" at the eleventh hour. So a special evening, to be announced later, will be set aside for the disposal of the remaining goods.

Thanks are extended to the many volunteer workers and unknown friends whose generosity has been a large factor in making the affair a success.

The following composed the Arrangement Committee in direct charge of the many details, and to whom most of the credit belongs: Mrs. Moses W. Loew, (Chairman), Mrs. Henry Plapinger, (Vice Chairman), Mrs. Joseph C. Sturiz, (Secretary), Mr. Ad. Fleigheimer, (Treasurer), Mrs. Marcus L. Kenner, Mrs. Daniel Wasserman, Mrs. Max Miller, Mrs. Samuel Greenberg, Mrs. Seymour Gomprecht, Miss Annie Hamburger, Mr. Lester J. Hyams.

"Fifty Years Past—Fifty Years to Come" was a subject, replete with valuable information, delivered by Rev. A. J. Amateau on Friday, the 21st.

This Friday, the 28th, he will discourse on: "When the Snail Runs Like a Rabbit." A social and refreshments follows the service. All are welcome; doors open at 8:30 P. M.

A baby-boy, tipping the scales at 8 3/4 lbs. arrived to gladden the hearts of Rev. and Mrs. Amateau on Friday, the 21st. Congratulations.

You and your friends are cordially invited to attend a Soiree Danante for benefit of the Building Fund, to be held at the S. W. J. D. Building this Saturday, December 29th, at 8 P. M. It will be an evening brimful with fun and frolic. Admission 50 cents; members, 35 cents.

BRONX FRATS.

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D., again wishes to announce that it will have a Public Installation of officers and a Frat Night, which will be held at the Bronx Castle, located on 149th Street, near Mott Avenue, Saturday evening, December 29th, at 8 o'clock. There will be some talk on the subject "Fraternity," by prominent members of the N. F. S. D. It will be a big night. Come along, as you are welcome.

BROOKLYN GUILD.

The Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes will hold a Christmas Festival and Entertainment at St. Mark's Chapel, 230 Adelphi Street, near DeKalb Avenue, on Saturday evening, December 29th, 1923. It is hoped that a large attendance will be there. The Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes' Annual Christmas Festival have always been enjoyed, especially by the children, and this year the committee have arranged for the occasion to please the little people, so we again urge all to attend and bring your friends.

Last week, after the meeting of a local organization, on our way home, Mr. F. O'Bryan told us that some time ago he received an invitation to a wedding of an intimate friend, and that it was his intention to attend, but duties at the office and other engagements was the cause of his forgetting about it. However, he was thinking of sending the said couple a wedding present, when to his surprise he received a letter from an Insurance Company requesting him to state the character and cost of the present he had sent, as all the presents had been stolen, and as they were insured they wanted to find out the exact value of all the presents. Mr. O'Bryan is now in a quandary what to do. He was going to, but hadn't sent the present. What can he do? What would you do in the case?

A very enjoyable party given on December 16th by Mrs. Joseph Briggs in honor of her husband, and among the invited guests, the following were present, and they made the occasion one that will long be remembered. They were: Mrs. C. Friedman, Amelia Lynn, John Uhl, Leah Stone, Albert Stoner, Mary Siegel, Isidore Morganstein, Gertrude Lefkowitz, Mrs. Carl B. Greene, Mrs. G. Rawlston, Pearl Potankin, H. Berkowitz, H. Friedman, Bessie Levy, Louis Steinberg.

J. P. Radoliffe, along with other accomplishments, is some bowler. Up in the Dyckman section of the city recently, he with apparently no effort, ran up a score of 205 in one inning. Herman Beek came next, after him Harry Kane, and then Johnny Haggerty, the erstwhile Holyoke Smoke mag-

nate. Kane wants to know why the JOURNAL said his last score was 191, when it was 199. The Dyckman silent bowlers have taken a liking to Col. McMann's 16-pound spheroid, and promise to wear it out if the Colonel does not have it lodged in a safety vault.

No. Six jobbers were recently granted a three-dollar raise. We know of several who have omitted bringing home the daily papers referring to the increase. When asked the reason, one of the fortunate said, "Well, you see, I'm only half the house, and the other half at home might get next; three bucks nowadays don't go far. Hence, though speech is silvery, I'm for the fellow who said silence was golden."

Jake, they call him for short, though his other name is Seltzer, has gone in for aeronautics. The microbe to pose as an air sailor took hold on learning of Harry Kane's proposition to set free a ton of balloons at the February Ball of No. 23 Jake, or rather Seltzer, has wagered a bottle of real Scotch he will capture more balloons than any others. Even if I have to drop from the balcony, he says. So watch out for Bjmp N. F. S. D.—23.

Mr. Cail, a Georgia product, is here permanently. Interior decorator and painter, the inducement of a \$10 a day job, with double for Sundays and holidays, is the magnet. Now, don't think he is the only painter we have. There is Pete Reddington and Frank Costuma to quote. Up to a few months ago Costuma was about the slickest sorter of mail in the G. P. O. The priority clause lost him his job temporarily.

The Williams Printery, which gave employment to several deaf types, has consolidated with the Lyons Albany plant. Offers made to the composing room force to migrate to the Capitol City was met with: "Nix, the local City Hall is far enough for us to travel." And the jobs in most instances paid above the scale.

Mrs. Wilhemina Klaus, mother of Mrs. Isaac Goldberg, passed away peacefully at her home a week ago. The deceased had reached her 90th birthday, and up to a few days of her demise, was clear of mind and fully cognizant of what was going on about her.

Pach, our own Alex L., of 111 Broadway, recently took a group of the members of the H. C. D. Mentioning it, the result was satisfactory to all concerned, to be sure.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hannan, of Washington, D. C., are in New York City for the Yuletide. They are stopping with Miss Esther H. Spanton.

Some one, evidently in a hurry, mistook Mr. Henry C. Kohlman's overcoat for his own at a Child's restaurant on Saturday, December 22d. Henry is now awaiting for the exchange of coats.

APPOINTMENTS.

The death of Dr. James N. Tate left a vacancy on the Board of Directors of the American Instructors of the Deaf. Dr. Tate was re-elected to this position at the last meeting in Belleville together with Supt. Jones of Ohio and Supt. Driggs of Utah. These three Directors together with the four elected officers form the Standing Executive Committee of the Deaf. This Standing Executive Committee is authorized by the Constitution "to fill vacancies occurring in their body between general meetings."

Acting upon this authority Supt. Walker, President of the American Instructors of the Deaf, nominated Principal W. A. Caldwell, of California, to fill the vacancy made by the death of Dr. Tate. This nomination received the unanimous vote of the other members of the Standing Executive Committee, and it gives us pleasure to announce that Principal Caldwell is now a member of the Board of the Directors of the American Convention of Instructors of the Deaf.

We are sure the action on the part of the Standing Executive Committee will meet with universal approval, as Principal Caldwell is one of the "old guard" who has given long and valuable service to the deaf. And has been successful in his labors.

Miss Bessie N. Leonard, of North Hampton, was elected the Head of the Oral Section but she was forced to resign on account of the pressure of her duties in connection with her school. This vacancy was filled by the nomination and approval of Miss Rufeld Joiner, of Morganton, N. C. We are sure that Miss Joiner is most eminently qualified to do this piece of work for the educators of the deaf. —Palmetto Leaf.

A baby-boy weighing 9 1/2 pounds was born to Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Quinta, of Port Chester, N. Y., and has been named Charles Natale.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1838 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BARE PROGRESS MADE BY BLIND MUTE GIRL.

Although unable to see, hear or speak since she was five years old, Miss Kathryn May Frick, the prodigy of the Mount Airy Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, is farther advanced in literature than the average person who has possession of all these faculties.

This was revealed yesterday at a little reception given in the auditorium of the institution in celebration of her twenty-four birthday.

With her typewriter, which she keeps by her constantly, Miss Frick responded to the congratulations of the several hundred pupils of the institution. A number of her recent literary endeavors, including overviews and short stories, were read by members of the faculty. These dealt with botany and zoology and are remarkable interpretations of things, she cannot remember having seen. Her descriptive writings are amazing, as they define accurately colors and objects that can only be perceived through the eyes by the average individual.

Her poems reveal that her lack of hearing has not deprived her of knowing the beauty of words, even though she can not speak them. Teachers at the school, who have observed her for several years, are unable to account for the development of her mind in subjects unknown to most sightless mutes.

With a highly sense of touch, augmented by a powerful imagination, Miss Frick has developed an appreciation of life and its beauties often absent in those endowed with all their senses.

Regardless of her many impediments she is ambitious to become an authoress.

In the fourteen years that Miss Frick has been a student at the school, she has been taught to weave, crochet and to use the sewing machine with skill. She will be graduated in another year and will then attempt to pursue a literary career. —Phila. North American, Dec. 2, 1923.

Miss Kate March was given a birthday party at her parents' home on Saturday evening, December 15th. It was the first party she ever got and so she enjoyed it immensely. The guests also had a pleasant evening, refreshments following. Those who attended the party beside Miss March and her parents were: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Detweiler, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Yerkes, Mr. and Mrs. James McGinley, Mrs. Annie Bradley and her mother, Mrs. E. Hayes, Mrs. Frank Weaver, Miss Anna Hagan, Miss Elizabeth Thomson, Miss Elizabeth Hubert, Miss Florence March, and Messrs. Wright Garlick, Frank Duggan and Milton Haines.

Mr. Clement D. Parلمان, of Reading, Pa., was a visitor at All Souls' Church on Sunday, December 16th. His wife died on November 23d last. Seventeen days after her mother also died at the advanced age of eighty years. On December 18th, Mr. Parلمان leaves for California, to live with his daughter, Mrs. John McDonough, and his visit to Philadelphia was to bid his friends good bye. His health is not very good now, so we hope that the change of climate will benefit him very much.

The Silent Five, a newly organized team, which is representing Philadelphia, has put itself in the way to claim the basket-ball championship of the Middle Atlantic States. The Silent Five is a traveling team of first class calibre, whose players average about twenty years in age. So the S. F. has decided to have a defy to teams representing New York, Jersey City, Baltimore, etc. If their challenge is accepted, kindly communicate with: Conrad Gosse 2960 N. Bonall Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

This is our last word about the Mask Ball and Watch Night of Philadelphia Division, No. 30, N. F. S. D., at the Grand Fraternity Building, 1636 Arch Street, on Monday evening, December 31st, 1923. Ticket, including wardrobe, costs one dollar. Orchestral music and cash prizes; coffee and sandwiches on sale. A fine opportunity to spend the last hours of the dying year together! A good attendance and a great time is anticipated at this event. Why not bring hearing friends along?

The following was reported in The North American, December 11, 1923:

HANSELER'S WORK

A memorial portrait of John Wanamaker, the gift of members of the Friendship Lodge No. 40, F. and A. M., to their temple in Jenkintown, will be unveiled Tuesday night with fitting ceremonies.

The portrait is the work of a young Philadelphia artist, Conrad Frederic Haeseler, who is both deaf and dumb. In spite of his physical handicap, he studied art for four years at the School of Industrial Art, and later at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

Young Haeseler was selected as the

artist to execute the portrait by Mr. Wanamaker himself, shortly before he died. The painter had made portraits of several members of the Wanamaker family, including Rodman Wanamaker and Mrs. John Wanamaker.

The portrait which will be unveiled tonight was begun long ago. Shortly afterward, Mr. Wanamaker died, and Haeseler finished the work from memory, with the aid of photographs and another portrait which he had made of Mr. Wanamaker some time before.

The portrait was to have been presented to the Temple a year ago, but Mr. Wanamaker's death prevented its completion.

Young Haeseler is the son of a local photographer.

The unveiling ceremonies, which will be restricted to members of the lodge, include an address by Dr. Joseph Kosuth Dixon, leader of the Rodman Wanamaker historical expeditions to the North American Indians, and talks by Harry E. Paisley, treasurer of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway, and by Rev. William Barnes Kower. The speakers are members of the lodge. Although, the ceremonies are private, the painting later will be placed on public view in the temple.

Mr. Wanamaker, who gave the temple as a permanent home for the Jenkintown Lodge of Masons, was long a member and past master of Friendship Lodge, which is not far from his own home.

The presentation of the portrait in behalf of the temple committee will be made by Bradley C. Algeo, assistant director of the Philadelphia Textile School, who served as an officer in the lodge when Mr. Wanamaker was master.

Mrs. John L. Detweiler, of Hatfield, Pa., was a visitor at All Souls' on the 9th inst.

Mrs. Thomas E. Jones has been sick for a while with what appears to be dropsy. He is receiving medical treatment, and his friends are hoping that his recovery will be only a question of time.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Salmon, (formerly Miss Coulter), have moved to Philadelphia from Washington, D. C.

Owing to illness, Mrs. C. O. Dantzer is prolonging her stay in the West, but she is expected back any time.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. S. Reider left for York, Pa., on Saturday noon, 23d inst., to spend Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. S. O. Honsermyer. Mr. Reider must return right after Christmas, but Mrs. Reider may stay over New Year's Day.

Detroit Doings.

Walter Carl, who has been working at Plant, No. 14, for sometime was transferred to Plant, No. 18, of the great Fisher Body Corporation. The new plant is up-to-date in every way. Robert Baird was transferred to Plant, No. 18 from Plant, No. 33. They like their new location.

Mrs. Belle Drake's father died from old age in Pontiac, Thursday, a week ago. Our sympathies to her over her loss.

About twenty friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Johnson at 1927 Blaine Avenue, last Saturday evening. They all waited until she returned from the movie show. She was surprised to behold the crowd as they all waited in the darkened living room. A few games were played. Mrs. H. Brown won a glass pudding bowl, and Mrs. W. Carl, a crocheted pin and needle cushion. They enjoyed an excellent spread, though they partook the refreshments, the Cafeteria way.

Mrs. Johnson was the recipient of a beautiful parlor lamp. Needless to say, she was greatly surprised to get the lamp. Mr. Greenlawn proved to be the elown of the party for he kept them laughing with his funny stories. They departed for their homes, all reported a real honest-to-goodness good time.

The father of the Hellers—John and Peter, passed away at the ripe age of eighty-three years, on the 4th. Our sympathies to the family.

The D. A. D. elected new officers to administer office during 1924: Joseph Paston, President; Max Crittenden, First Vice-President; John Walter, Second Vice-President; F. Allera, Secretary; John J. Hellera, Treasurer (re-elected); Walter Badnarch and Wm. Glaze, Sergeant-at-Arms; Philip Badnarch, Chairman Board of Trustees.

The personnel of the Board of Trustees is not definitely known, but will be announced in a later issue. They all are a young hustling lot, and a good deal is expected of them.

Mr. Isham C. Gatten, passed away at the Mt. Clemens Sanitarium Thursday, the 6th, after a brief illness. It will be remembered that he was hit by a truck as he was hurrying across the street to catch a car, to go to work on time. He received several broken ribs and lacerations in the head. He returned to work Monday, the 1st, but had to go back home the next day, and returned to the Sanitarium. Our sympathies and condolence to the bereaved family.

Young Haeseler was selected as the

Mr. George Haurs resumed work at the Ford plant in Highland Park after more than a year's leave.

The writer wrote something in a recent issue to Josh the Browns and H. Fridays, but they resented it, so we beg your pardon for our unseemingly offense.

The Christmas spirit is prevalent everywhere. We look toward an excellent time at the Christmas Festival at the St. John's Parish House, Friday evening, the 21st, also at the D. A. D. Hall, where they will have a great big tree for everybody.

Merrie Christmas to everybody, and a most prosperous year during Nineteen Twenty-four.

THE WELLS DUET.

The Vandergrift Christmas Fund

| | |
|--|--------|
| Dr. and Mrs. James H. Cloud, | \$1 00 |
| St. Louis, | 5 00 |
| Mrs. C. L. Jackson, Atlanta, | 5 00 |
| Thos. S. Marr, Nashville, Tenn., | 10 00 |
| Sylvester J. Fogarty, Flushing, N. Y., | 25 00 |
| Francis P. Gibson, Chicago, | 1 00 |
| Geo. S. Porter, New Jersey, | 1 00 |
| Mr. and Mrs. J. Schuyler Long, Iowa, | 1 00 |
| C. B. Charles, Ohio, | 1 00 |
| S. M. Freeman, Atlanta, Ga., | 1 00 |
| Lena G. Stoll, Brooklyn, N. Y., | 1 00 |
| H. D. Dierksen, Atlanta, Ga., | 1 00 |
| W. M. Hild, Atlanta, | 1 00 |
| John W. Parker, Atlanta, | 50 00 |
| Marvin Young, Atlanta, | 50 00 |
| Robert H. Freeman, Atlanta, | 50 00 |
| Mr. E. Murdock, Atlanta, | 25 00 |
| Samuel Frankenhelm, New York, | 25 00 |
| Miss Ruth Mendleson, Albany, N. Y., | 1 00 |
| Robert C. Miller, Morganton, N. C., | 1 00 |
| Mrs. M. H. Carter, Winabore, S. C., | 1 00 |
| Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McFarlane, Talladega, Ala., | 1 00 |
| Louis Baier, St. Louis, Mo., | 1 00 |

The following were collected by a committee headed by Charles H. Wiemuth, being the contributions of Greater New York N. A. D. Branch members:

| | |
|------------------------------------|-------|
| Margaret H. Jones, | 10 00 |
| Mrs. J. McCluskey, | 2 00 |
| Charles H. Wiemuth, | 1 00 |
| Mr. H. Glendon, | 1 00 |
| E. A. Hodgson, | 1 00 |
| Dr. Thos. F. Fox, | 1 00 |
| Frank T. Lux, | 1 00 |
| Wm. H. McKee, | 1 00 |
| Mr. and Mrs. C. McMann, | 1 00 |
| Mrs. Nina Moore, of Toronto, | 1 00 |
| C. G. Travers, | 1 00 |
| J. C. Unsworth, | 1 00 |
| S. Buttenheim, | 50 00 |
| J. O. Pitts Gerald, | 50 00 |
| Haley, | 50 00 |
| A. E. J., | 50 00 |
| Wanda A. Makowska, | 50 00 |
| A. J. McLaren, | 50 00 |
| H. Campbell, | 50 00 |
| Joe Peters, | 50 00 |
| Mrs. H. Plapinger, | 50 00 |
| D. Polinsky, | 50 00 |
| C. Schmitt, | 50 00 |
| E. E. S., | 50 00 |
| Alfred T. Baer, | 50 00 |
| L. Baker, | 50 00 |
| E. W. Abrams, | 50 00 |
| H. H. Anderson, | 50 00 |
| G. C. Bradock, | 50 00 |
| Philip C. Brown, | 50 00 |
| H. Campbell, | 50 00 |
| Geo. Donovan, | 50 00 |
| J. Fives, | 50 00 |
| A. Fogel, | 50 00 |
| S. Gasser, | 50 00 |
| S. Gerhart, | 50 00 |
| J. F. Graham, | 50 00 |
| M. L. Kenner, | 50 00 |
| C. Kohlman, | 50 00 |
| L. Lonerger, | 50 00 |
| E. Malloy, | 50 00 |
| M. P. M., | 50 00 |
| E. W. N., | 50 00 |
| T. Oppenheimer, | 50 00 |
| Edward Ohland, | 50 00 |
| Engene Oxley, | 50 00 |
| Wm. Rembeck, | 50 00 |
| Wm. Ransel, | 50 00 |
| Mrs. C. Thompson, | 50 00 |
| Weisberg, | 50 00 |
| William C. Wren, | 50 00 |
| A. Ziegler, | 50 00 |
| S. Rosenberg, | 15 00 |

Total

MRS. C. L. JACKSON.
223 Lee Street,
Atlanta, Ga.

THE EDWARD MINER GALLAUDET FUND.

Harley Drake, treasurer of the Edward Miner Gallaudet Memorial Fund, in the February *Buff and Blue*, asks for suggestions on hastening the contributions towards the \$50,000 goal.

Apparently the memorial is to be a building on Kendall Green. But there are good reason against such a proposed use of the fund. The United States Government owns the grounds, and the college depends for maintenance on the pleasure-whim of Congress and on the begging and political abilities of the president of the college.

With a change in politics of the party in power, comes the anxiety and doubt of support for the future. A hostile Congress may deny aid and may force a change from the combined method, so staunchly supported by Dr. Gallaudet and so universally favored, to the pure oral system with dire results.

A building is a constant expense for upkeep, repairs, etc. No building is permanent without continued maintenance. If the title to the grounds is in the United States Government, the building as proposed may be diverted to uses outside the intentions of the donors.

If the proposed fund was to be invested or banked, the expense of administration will be much less, and if left in the charge of a trust company or a national bank, will be nil. The income of the fund could be used, getting the full benefit.

A use that ought to meet the approval of every donor, is to remunerate those teachers in the college who have been so busy all their lives in helping their pupils that they have not accumulated anything for themselves. Many are forced by old age, sickness, physical incapacity or other adverse circumstances, to retire to private life in want and misery. Think it over.

THRO. C. MULLER.
Dec. 7, 1923.

Our idea of a genius is some one who can arouse enthusiasm by uncorking a bottle of castor oil.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

December 21, 1923.—As has been the custom for several years, the pupils previous to their departure for the Christmas vacation, were given an entertainment Wednesday evening. Officers, teachers, and a number of the resident deaf made up the audience.

The opening part was the song: "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing," Solo, Mrs. Fuller; Pantomime, Mabel Kieby; Pianist, Miss Miller. Then was given the legend "The Christmas Rose," very prettily performed and costumed by these pupils:

THE CHARACTERS

Three Shepherds Alice Waldron, Angiolina Fossaceca, Kathryn Lewis.

Zal Mary McWilliams

Isel Rosalie Davis

Three Wise Men Anna Mae Boocher, Sarah Ann Franks, Margaret Lauer.

Angel Jennie Franks

Mary Opal Thomas

The New Born King.

Song—Solo and Fantomime Ada Lauer

(The First Noel) Gladys Turkie and Mrs. Fuller.

Miss Miller, Pianist.

PART II

"WHAT MAKES CHRISTMAS CHRISTMAS."

THE CHARACTERS

Christmas Gifts Izora Sutton

Money Violet Leibbroch

Christmas Tree Harriette Holmes

Christmas Stocking Dorothy Shauf

Plum Pudding Doris McNealy

An Old Man Ada Lauer

A Child Oetha Stokes

King's Son Marguerite Wyckoff

A Spirit Wills Savidge

The tableau was beautiful and the whole performance was striking as they gave the spirit of the stories for better than mere words can convey.

At the conclusion of the exercises the audience led by the pupils came down to the pupils' dining room, and as they entered snow white covered tables bearing plates, cake, bowls of ice cream, and vases of poinsettia met their eyes with a teaspoon at each table to serve the goodies. At the rear end stood a large Christmas tree bedecked with colored electric light bulbs and other trimmings to brighten its beauty. Surrounding it were baskets of oranges, popcorn balls and candy in paper bags.

While every one was being served with ice cream and cake, Santa

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, JANUARY 8, 1924.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 1563 Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.
One Copy, one year, - \$2.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, - 2.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.
All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.
Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL
1563 Street and Ft. Washington Avenue,
New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong's done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

GREETINGS to our readers for the year Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-four, which begins the fifty-third year of service to the Deaf public of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

The year of 1923 has been a prosperous one. The mass of the deaf has been steadily employed at high remuneration. There have been no cases of destitution on this side of the Atlantic Ocean such as are quite common in Europe, which has not yet recovered from the world war.

We are extremely fortunate, and we deaf-mutes have done our share to relieve our brethren in foreign lands.

There is every indication that the year 1924 will be even more prosperous than its predecessor.

We can but only repeat that we will endeavor to make the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL still better and improve upon the standards of the past. During the year just closed we have covered all the conventions from the convention of Teachers of the Deaf, at Belleville, Canada, to the Convention of the National Association at Atlanta, Georgia.

The National Association in its existence of over two score years has accomplished much, and has been a power in educating the public concerning the true status of the deaf, besides helping on the welfare of our class of people and encouraging their efforts and aspirations.

The fraternal order (the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf) has also made great strides onward, and at the present time its enrollment, in its 97 Divisions, has gone beyond the five-thousand mark, and it has more than half a million dollars in its treasury.

Besides the happenings of the week among deaf-mutes, from all parts of the country, we have printed intelligent comment upon current occurrences among the deaf.

The accuracy of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL has never been doubted; its fairness is beyond question; its reliability is an established fact.

It is the only newspaper that

has always kept the public posted promptly upon the trend of events.

In the future as in the past the deaf public will be well served and their interests looked after.

That is all, except that we wish all our readers and their friends, and the deaf everywhere

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THOUGH, evidently a private letter of cheer and good will, we print the subjoined from our friend, and pass it along to our readers:

MR. EDWIN A. HODGSON,
New York City.

DEAR FRIEND: As we approach the close of the Old Year, may I express the hope that it has brought to you a liberal share of happiness, prosperity and usefulness. And as we approach the dawn of the New Year, I wish that it may find you enjoying good health, a conscience "void of offense," and a determination to make the coming year the best in your life. May we be so busy doing the things that are worth while, that we shall have no time to waste on the little, petty, unworthy things of life.

"The greatest thing in this world of ours
Are the things you'd perhaps call small!"

But a kind word here and a smile given there
Will banish the trouble and sorrow and
Care of many a weary soul."

My sincere wish for you and yours is that the New Year may bring you the joy and satisfaction of unselfish service and helpfulness, which brings the only real happiness.

And may I also express the hope that our friendship may grow stronger and closer as the years go by.

Sincerely and cordially,
TROY E. HILL.

IN "The Next Corner," Lon Chaney, for the first time in nine years' work in the films, will appear with practically no make-up. Mr. Chaney attributes his great success in the silent drama to the early training he received in the art of pantomime in his own home. Both of his parents were deaf-mutes, and their children naturally learned in their babyhood to talk with their hands, and later to make use of facial expression and gesture so that as they grew up they were able to convey a whole series of thoughts in pantomime. When Chaney began his career on the screen his easy facility of gesture quickly placed him in the foremost rank.

GEORGIA

"Deaf students from the State School for the Deaf at Cave Spring gave demonstrations Thursday before the Rotary Club at the Hotel Forrest, revealing the wide scope of education that is given them. Eight of the students representing classes from the primary to the eighth grade departments demonstrated lip reading and displayed charts that are used in instructing them in the various classes.

"Prof. J. C. Harris, Superintendent of the School, addressed the club, giving interesting facts in regard to the deaf of America. He said that they are no longer referred to as 'deaf and dumb,' because they are being taught to speak. The school at Cave Spring has only 250 pupils, he said, but there are 400 in Georgia who should be attending. In the United States there are 44,000 deaf people, of whom 14,000 are attending schools for them. 10,000 of these are being taught to speak.

"Prof. Harris introduced teachers who gave the demonstration. They were: Miss Nettie McDaniel, assistant principal, Miss Elizabeth Daniel, supervising teacher of the primary department, and Miss Susan H. Norris, teacher of the eighth grade."—*Rome, Georgia, Tribune Herald.*

Mr. and Mrs. Saldy Guineta wish to announce that their baby boy, which arrived on December 15th, tipped the scales just 6½ pounds, and not 9½ as reported last week, and they are rejoicing at its advent.

Up at the Gallaudet Home in Wappinger Falls about half an inch of snow fell on the 28th inst., but has melted away, and real cold wintry days have set in.

GALLAUDET DAY ADDRESS AT THE ARKANSAS SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

A CENTURY'S CHANGES FOR DEAF PEOPLE

By Dr. J. A. Tillingshast, of Spartanburg, S. C.

All human progress has been a conquering of handicaps that held men back, an ever advancing discovery of truth that men did not know, a steady breaking through clogging limitations. But in achieving this progress the masses of people have always depended upon exceptional men, who could see what their fellowmen saw not, who could in loneliness hold fast to a faith their fellowmen were long in reaching who had an heroic courage and an unshakable tenacity of purpose.

All Western Europe was enormously bettered by the light of Christ's example and teaching, but it required the Apostle Paul to carry and plant that light in Europe. There is no measuring the value to the world of this great Republic of ours, but before it could exist there had to be a Christopher Columbus and a George Washington. Electricity has always been in our world, but it was of no use to mankind until a Benjamin Franklin experiment with his kites. Since the dawn of history microscopic or bacterial life has been preying upon men and their cattle and their crops, but no man knew whence his trouble came until Louis Pasteur discovered and made known the presence of those unseen enemies. Nobody had ever known what could be done to redeem the deaf and dumb from their handicap in life until the Abbe de l'Epee by one method and the Spanish monk, Pedro de Ponce, by another, revealed the ways of salvation for them. No one in the new world this side of the Atlantic knew what to do for a little child, deaf and dumb, until Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, moved by the appeal of such children, went to France that he might learn what to do and then returned to this country to be the patient persistent pioneer in bringing salvation to the deaf. He succeeded in the blessed work to which he was so devoted. He brought the light to them that stood in silent darkness throughout our growing country. He established that light as on a hill-top and others came to get a light from it, which they might carry to other points. Today thousands are being saved and no deaf child in all this land need go untaught for lack of a school to attend.

I do not feel that I need yield to any one as touching the depth of my appreciation or of reverence for the able and good man, who founded the first and pioneer saving agency in behalf of deaf people in our country. Both my parents faced life without hearing some seventy years ago. But for the fine school at New York under Harvey P. and Isaac L. Peet, they would have remained in the dark, untaught and helpless to take that good and thoroughly useful position in life, which they did. There is no treasure between earth and heaven that could have equaled the precious value of what my father and my mother were given by devoted teachers in that great school on the Hudson many years ago. Those teachers have long gone to their reward, but their works live after them in lives—my own is one—made better today for what they wrought. Yet that school was a child of the pioneer Hartford School and the Peets were but disciples of Thomas H. Gallaudet. You will understand me, then, when I say that I am glad to have the privilege of acknowledging publicly and as adequately as I can on this distinguished occasion the debt that I owe, in common with tens of thousands of others, deaf and children of the deaf, both living and dead, to Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.

I know, however, that could he be alive and present here today, he would strongly protest against my devoting this entire address to a eulogy of himself. I can imagine him saying, "Tell my deaf friends here something worth while for them in the present, for they live in 1923 and face a world I never dreamed of when I was young." I am sure he would say something just like that. Therefore I am going to ask you to follow me in some thoughts about the amazing contrast between the situation of deaf people in the ways of Gallaudet and in our own day. But first let me emphasize certain facts that can never be emphasized too much for human beings.

Why may we call ourselves human, as it something quite distinct from all other kinds of life? Because we possess something no other form of life in our world possesses. We have the gift of mind. It is true that we are born into this world, we hunger and thirst, we suffer cold or heat, we may fall sick and writhe with pain, we must all die, like the dumb driven cattle. But unlike the beast of the field we can laugh or anon we weep, we can read and write, we can make pictures and enjoy them, we can think long long thoughts on things past and dream of things yet to come, we can form definite purpose and then pursue them through all the years, we can refuse to be content with the earth as we find it and re-

solutely conquer ocean and wilderness, river and mountain, swamp and desert, pests and plagues—steadily making our earthly home safer and more worth while. This power resides wholly in the mind—not in mortal flesh. With telescope and microscope, devised by the human mind, we see what no dumb brute can see; with mathematics we measure, with chemical reagents we analyze, with the wizardry of electricity we perform, with machinery we make—what the mindless brute does not even suspect, let alone understand.

Therefore it is, that I say we live humanly speaking through our minds. And the point to emphasize is that more and more is this true. More and more does earning power depend upon educated intelligence and trained skill. More and more does the pure enjoyment of life depend upon developed power to understand and appreciate. More and more does the power to serve our fellowmen and be of any consequence among them depend upon that which is mental and moral—less and less upon physical qualifications. All this is peculiarly and emphatically true for deaf people. Only by way of the mind can they be happy.

Now, in order to make perfectly clear how true those statements are I will ask you to follow me in certain comparisons between the time of Thomas H. Gallaudet and our own day, a period during which tremendous and far-reaching changes have overtaken American life. These changes affect us all, of course, but they have in some respects peculiar significance for deaf people.

First of all, let us consider the change in the density of population and its concentration in cities. In Gallaudet's time this country had only about 7,500,000 people. To day it contains within the Union a hundred millions. A century ago much less than 10 per cent of our people lived in cities; today, well over 50 per cent are city dwellers.

What does this single but tremendous change mean? It means more people competing for a living out of the same national stock of resources—more people eager to seize upon every job or opening, and therefore, more exacting demands upon every seeker after a job. It means for you, my deaf friends, that you must prepare yourselves for sharper competition in future years than was felt in past years. Then, too, it means more laws and regulations, for thicker population grows the more necessary it is to control conduct. In the sparsely settled rural districts you may shoot guns, raise hogs, use water out of a well, but you are forbidden to do these things in the city, because people are so thick somebody may be injured or troubled. In the old days there was no speed limit, no compulsory education, no hunting restriction, no prohibition, but now the law regulates us as to all these and many other matters, because there are too many of us to let go as we please. You will have to be able to understand and appreciate these multiplying laws or you will get into trouble.

Increasing density of population has enormously increased the danger from contagious or infectious disease. You must be able to understand and appreciate the sanitary precautions and regulations growing ever more necessary or stand in danger of paying a sad penalty. Finally, increasing density of population means more and closer neighbors to get along with, more human contacts to manage rightly or there is trouble. This requires not only an intelligent mind but a right spirit, a love of our fellowmen, let me say. Without this the more people we have to deal with the more chances for misunderstanding, ill feeling and mutual injury.

So you see, so long as you live in a country of swiftly growing population there are inevitable consequences from which there is no escape. These demands of us more thorough preparation for living our lives safely and happily than was required in earlier times.

The second impressive change to be noted is the fact that public education has provided the masses of plain people with a degree of training, and intelligence unknown in Gallaudet's day. The consequence of this is that the kind of competition men face today is much more dangerous to the man, who has for any reason failed to get at least a fairly good common school education. If you start five runners in a race, all alike untrained, then it may be a rough and tumble affair, yet tolerably fair to all. But start an untrained runner in a race with four others, trained and hardened, and he has small chance. It is not a fair race. When you leave school today to seek a job, you will be in a race with educated, not ignorant, competitors, as was only too widely true a century ago.

Now the third great change you should note carefully is the extraordinary rise in our standard of living. I will not stop to discuss it, but the fact is, whether wise or not, that we seem unable to be happy without all sorts of things our fathers never dream of having. We demand better houses, better warmed, better lighted and better furnished. We demand more and handsomer clothes. We want far more variety in food

and more "fancy shelf goods" as the grocers call them. We demand more expensive pastimes. Make what one may of this, it is a fact we have to allow for in thinking about the matter of earning power. If you can never earn enough to have better than your father thought good enough, you will find yourself feeling poor, left behind the race—a failure. It may be that you younger ones will live to see a reaction to simpler less costly ways of living, but I doubt it. I think you will have to face the new situation and achieve success somehow in accord with the new standard of living.

I come now to a change of marvelous character, which is encouraging for you. For every possible occupation or way of earning a living that deaf people had in Gallaudet's time, there are a dozen or more today. The amazing development of industries during the hundred years past, has opened numerous avenues to employment which did not formerly exist. When 95 per cent of our people made a living by agriculture and the rest by a few professions, merchandizing and artisan crafts, a deaf man had small variety of choice as to a job. But now there is such an infinite variety of jobs to be filled, that the proportion of them deaf people can undertake is surprisingly large. But to hold such positions requires a fair degree of education and capacity to acquire trained skill. Experience is showing however, that thousands of deaf workers can make their way into such industry.

There is another change I would like to emphasize, if I can. We are every day growing more dependent upon others. Less and less do we depend upon ourselves for all sorts of things. We no longer draw water from our own wells, mould and burn our own candles, cut and haul our own fuel, milk our own cows, make our own clothes at home, produce our own meat, fruit and other domestic supplies. Some of us hardly carry ourselves any more on our own feet. Some of us hardly can amuse ourselves any more, but depend on movies, professional ball players, comic supplement artists and the like for entertainment. This means that we have developed a system where we buy from others what we want. Now, I must warn you that it requires a thrifty judgment and intelligent management of your affairs not to get cheated, lured into extravagance and eventually swamped in your multiplicity of expenses. This is what is overtaking tens of thousands today. You must somehow learn to be well aware of this danger and keep yourself straight despite incessant temptation under our modern system of life.

But I have reserved for the last a discussion of the most directly and vitally important change that has taken place for deaf people in particular. The terrible consequence of being deaf throughout all former ages was isolation, the dread sentence of exile from the social life of one's community, from the amusements, from the useful occupations, even the religious faith and guidance of those who were parents, brothers, sisters, neighbors. Deaf people can be prosperous and happy only in the degree that this isolation is overcome and cured, through mental development and the mastering of language. Now, let us see what has happened during the century since Gallaudet.

By virtue of what he and his successors achieved a splendid start was made in conquering the deafness and more cruel depth of mental stagnation and isolated loneliness. Since Gallaudet's time training in speech and lip-reading has for many, who could avail themselves successfully of its advantages, provided in varying degrees the privilege of direct intercourse with their families, neighbors and friends. But for all the deaf alike, whether capable of spoken intercourse or not, swift and happy change in other respects has come to pass.

Consider, for instance, the immense improvements in our means of travel or getting about. Ten miles in Gallaudet's time was more of an obstacle than fifty is today. This means that deaf people need endure far less isolated loneliness. They can get about, visit each other or good hearing friends, attend conventions, go to see entertaining affairs, whether the movies, baseball or what not in a fashion utterly impossible to deaf people of even a half-century ago.

Again, there are pastimes and amusements now available to deaf as well as hearing people far beyond anything dreamed of a century ago. Hunting and fishing, a very few crude games, a few outdoor sports, together with the social companionship of a very few deaf friends, apt to be seen only on special occasions—these were all that any deaf person could resort to for recreation. As to reading, I will speak of this especially a little later. In our day, however, the extraordinary development of athletics and outdoor sports of every sort is furnishing wholesome recreation for hundreds of deaf people, more especially the younger folk. Think of what baseball alone means, whether you play yourself or only sit on the bleachers. Then there is the moving picture or silent drama, a marvelous invention of man that seems almost as if devised with deaf people

in mind, so accurately does it fit their needs for entertainment. Whether on the bleachers or in the movie theatre a deaf person can quite forget that he is deaf and live simply as one of the crowd. Meantime, he can hunt and fish, swim or skate as of old, if circumstance permit.

But, of course, the royal pastime, the noblest recreation, for deaf people, much more emphatically than for hearing people, lies in that treasure which the printed page unlocks to the educated mind. And here observe what a century's progress has done. Whereas in Gallaudet's time there were few newspapers, practically no magazines and relatively few books, really suitable for the general mass of people, look at what is available today, whether you think of serious reading for self-improvement or of purely entertaining matter for whiling away an hour or two. The variety of literature now published is so great, that almost everybody can find something to his taste and suited to his degree of culture. Consider the astonishing development in the art of illustrating, so that pictures in infinite variety and beautiful finish accompany even the advertising that is placed before us. It is literally a fact that there is more reading of advertisements today than there was of classical literature a century ago. By saying this I do not mean to suggest contentment with reading fascinating "ads" of automobiles or beauty-making cosmetics. There is the daily news, short stories unnumbered and of every kind, fiction of many types and solid books, informational or inspirational, filling public and private libraries without end.

But the key to all this instruction and entertainment is, of course, the power to read the printed page understandingly. This power you can achieve only partially at school. It must be patiently and persistently cultivated for years afterward, yet the reward is richly worth all the trouble. I would urge upon every young deaf boy and girl to set it as a goal of long and steady effort to master the power to read intelligently and with enjoyment.

Now then, what may I say is the conclusion of the whole matter? It is that for those who are deaf, for those whom Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet loved and sought to save, a better time has come and that it grows better with every year. There is more chance for a good education, more chance for a good occupation, more chance for participation in all that other people enjoy, more chance, in a word, for living a natural, happy and useful life. Step by step the isolation of deafness is being reduced. You who are still young face an age during which you may go forward in good heart, confident that you may serve your God and your country well and be happy as you serve. I congratulate you on the blessed fact that a hundred years ago there was a Gallaudet to point out the way and that now in 1923 the way opens wider and wider, fairer and fairer before you. You have but to resolve firmly and tenaciously that you will take full advantage of every opportunity and the way lies open to you through wonderful years yet to come.

SOUTH CALIFORNIA.

What does friendship mean, any way? From bitter, sad, experience, a friend seems to mean a useful person to be exploited. I am the goat. These are not the ravings of a monomaniac, but you yourself know, and have found out who your genuine or false friends are.

The artist has been using me as a model for color study. I have never been able to see anything but inanity in the mirror. But an artist is supposed to have his eye and mind trained to see and observe color, beauty, symmetry, etc., where the average person sees any or no thing. So I now hold up my head and have a little higher opinion of self.

The collector tells a tale of cannibalism that I have record. It took him several months to break down the reserve of an old cannibal before he could use him in his drip point etching. At last the old rascal got chumming, and told how in the remote past he used to steal babies. He would creep them up, put them in a big kettle, with coconut milk and limes, to pickle, and when hungry he would cut out a piece and cook it. I do not recommend this recipe, for it will make you mighty unpopular and get you in bad with the law.

If Cadwallader Washburn ever writes a story of his life, it ought to make a very interesting narrative. He has testimonials and affidavits aplenty, of his exploits, escapades and escapes. He says there is not much outside of California or the United States to compare for scenic beauty.

What do you do to improve your memory for faces? I suppose I have lost many friends and opportunities worth while, through my inability to recognize a face soon enough. It usually takes me some time, a week or month, before I recollect. And I used to have a memory to be relied on.

The Santa Barbara Museum of

Comparative Oology has 35000 eggs and birds' nests which it has taken about thirteen years to collect. Cadwallader Washburn was an energetic collector. They hope through a study of pigmentation of eggs, to make a new and more accurate classification of birds.

Plants and animals removed to new environments seem to gain new life and strength. The English sparrow is a pest in this country; the rabbit threatens the livestock industry in Australia, clearing the open spaces of herbage, developing claws to climb trees to feed on the foliage; the boll weevil is a serious menace to cotton in the south, but a blessing in disguise in forcing the farmer to diversify his crops and grow earlier cotton; the Argentine ant threatens to overrun California. It is a most industrious creature, the Argentine ant, so diminutive, but so numerous fast multiplying and driving other insects away. California imports and breeds many kinds of beneficial insects that prey on insects that damage its horticultural products. But the Argentine ant drives away these good useful insects and allows the pests to multiply. Then resort is made to chemical warfare. The ant enters homes, hotels, hospitals and public buildings after food. Strange to say, though it may crawl up you, it rarely ever bites, and I am sure that on a human being it does good, for I have felt it cootie or bedbug on my person since I have entertained the ant. But a campaign is under way to annihilate or stop the ant. Then there is the puncture vine, a Mexican native, growing close to the ground and possessing prickles that puncture any automobile tire and is sure death to cattle in feed. Then, too, is the white ant, that enters the wooden frame of buildings and eats the interior into sawdust, unknown and unsuspected till the building collapses on the thin walls. Were insects endowed with human intelligence and ambition, the human race could be driven off the face of earth. H. G. Wells produced a readable novel on that contingency.

A cartoon in the current issue of a weekly periodical showing the relative financial status of a pugilist with \$750,000, a movie star and \$500,000, a baseball player and \$100,000, and a college professor and \$3500, is commended to the committee in charge of the E. M. G. Gallaudet Memorial Fund. A college professor is worth much more than the yearly pittance of \$3,500 that he gets, and the big business companies offer college professors ten times as much, often, but their deep self-sacrificing loyalty keeps their nose on the grindstone and their families in respectable poverty. I have always admired Walt Mason's prose poem on the teacher, and wish the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL would publish it.

Weight varies with altitude and with distance from the poles. I weighed in at one lever and beam scales 164½ pounds, and after walking several blocks with a rise of about ten feet, I found myself registered on a dial scales at 160 pounds. Proof of the first statement in this paragraph? Nope, only poorly calibrated instruments.

At the next reunion at Gallaudet College next summer, Cadwallader Washburn will have an exhibition of his etchings. I understand he intends making an exhibition in Gallaudet College before then. If Russell Sturgis calls him a prominent American etcher in an article on etching in the International Cyclopaedia, and Russell Sturgis is an acknowledged authority on the subject, you will make no mistake in attending an exhibition and in purchasing a copy for your home.

A Virginia deaf-mute, claiming to be a shipping clerk, and having hoboed across the continent, passed through Santa Barbara from Los Angeles on the way to San Francisco.

The Santa Barbara deaf attended the ball game this Sunday between the St. Louis Colored Giants and the local Fordis.

THEO. C. MUELLER.
Dec. 16, 1923.

The *Printing* for December 22d, a periodical devoted to the interest of the Printing trade has a write up with illustrations of the Printing Department of the North Carolina School for Deaf at Morganton, N. C.

A Voyage on the Steamer "City of St. Louis."

Our ship glides o'er the briny deep,
Sweetly we're lulled to sleep
Beneath the Southern skies!
The stars peep out through the night,
Nor craft, nor sail shows in sight,
Our ship is moving on!

The dawn breaks in rosy hue,
The sky reflects on waters blue—
All is serenely calm!
The sun rises bright and fair,
White sails glitter here and there—
The day is speeding on!

The waves eye sparkle in the sun,
As our ship its course doth run
Over the sea so wide!
Captain Johnson stands at the wheel
While the bells do softly peal,
For aye, all is well!

Soon we'll reach old Savannah
Where we shall hoist our banner
And on to Atlanta go!
At the convention we'll meet
And aye, we, the deaf, shall greet
Our friends of long ago!
NELLIE E. L. REIFF.